

THE GREEN BOOK
1938

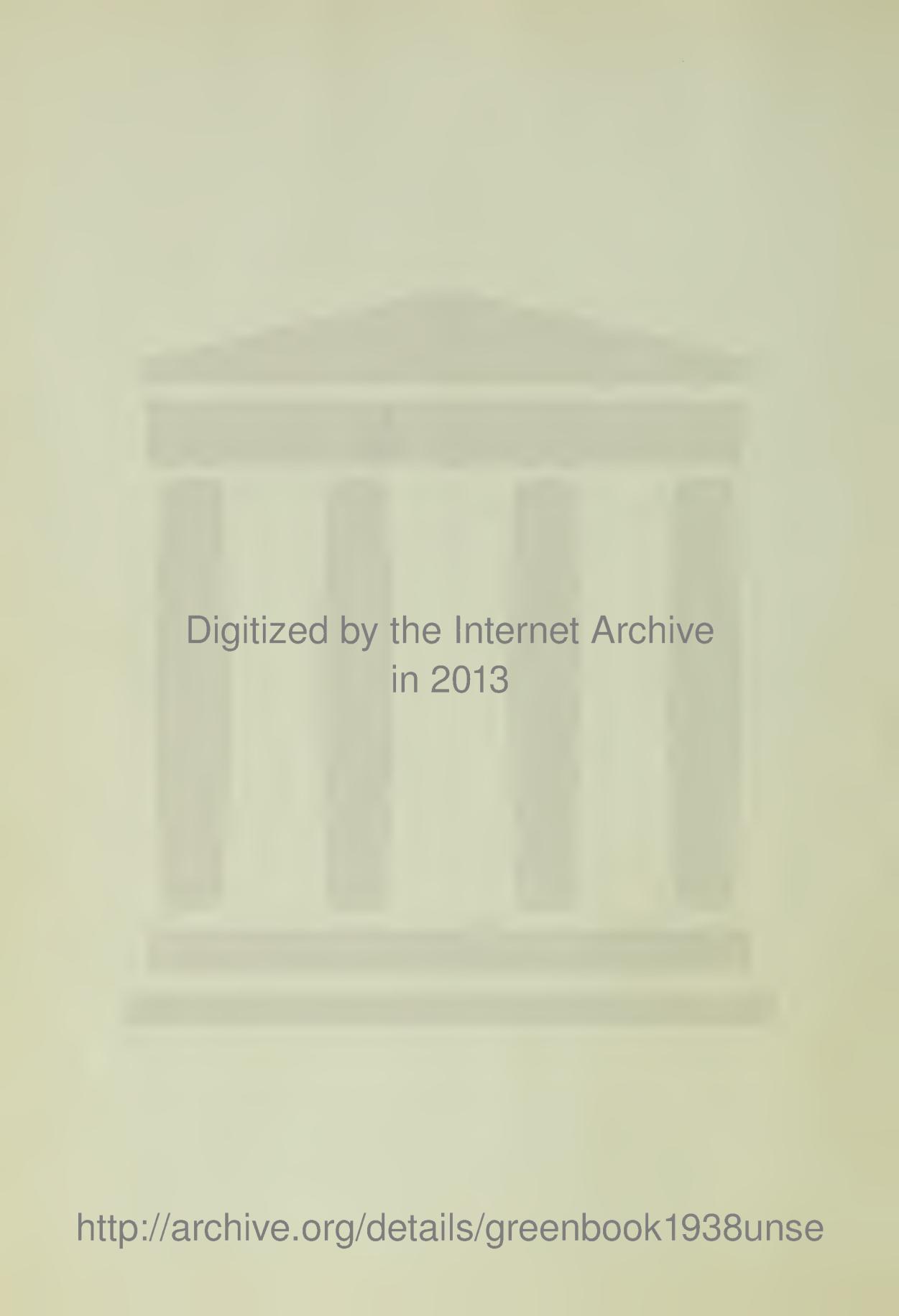
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THE GREEN BOOK

THE
FRESHMAN
PUBLICATION

FOREWORD

The Freshman Rhetoric Classes of 1938
present this copy of the GREEN BOOK to you with the
hope that you will enjoy reading it as much as we
have enjoyed preparing it. If there is any merit in
the book, we are glad. If there is no merit, remem-
ber that we did our best. We sincerely hope that
this book may make us better known to the other
classes and that it may stand as a worthwhile
achievement.

A faint, out-of-focus background image of a classical building, possibly a temple or a government building, featuring four prominent columns and a triangular pediment. The building is rendered in a light, off-white color that blends with the overall background.

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TO
OUR COOK

To the cheerful little lady who rules the
pots and pans, who ministers to our bodies
while others but feed our minds, we dedi-
cate this 1938 GREEN BOOK.

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THEMES

MY MIRROR

I was looking in my mirror tonight. It was looking at me also. There seemed to be some deep mysterious secret behind that glass--yes--even behind that silver plating on the glass. Then I thought, "Old Pal, you know a lot about me. You have stood the strain of the ugly face looking at you, while I was trying to get my ears clean, without flinching; you know exactly how I look with my face all white with lather, and my skinny arms in the air as I try to stretch my face so that the whiskers will cut easily. You have watched me practise smiling at my girl friend--you won't tell, will you?"

A PEST

Of all the plain and fancy kinds of pests this old world is infested with, and they are many, it seems to me that one class stands all alone at the front. He does not, as most pests do, appear for a season and then become dormant. He is continually at work bothering everyone around him. It makes no difference to him if he interferes with anyone's work. He isn't troubled when he puts the not-so-innocent-after-all bystander to a great deal of trouble and sometimes even expense. In short, he is an extremely aggravated version of a chronic "pain in the neck." What are these seemingly bothersome pests? Perhaps the person sitting beside you is one; maybe you work with some of them; you may live with one, and you may even be one yourself. Many people are--in spite of the fact that they think themselves too well-bred ever to be guilty of such common traits. What are they?

They are the common garden variety of bipedal pests known as "moochers." Of course there may

be a few unfortunate individuals who are forced by circumstances to make their living by begging or "mooching," but their number is so small that it is negligible. But most people mooch, whether it is for large sums of money or for only a hairpin, simply because they are too lazy or too thoughtless to go out and earn their needs or desires.

Wealth is no protection from the habit. Rich people mooch as much as anybody else. Watch them mooch favor with their business associates. Watch them mooch social prestige by always being seen near celebrities and by toadying to them.

Poverty is no guarantee of or protection against the disease. Many poor people are honest and self-reliant, but many more are afflicted with this almost universal malady. They mooch their fifteen-a-week jobs; they mooch a place in the breadline, and a host of other things.

Politicians are among the most parasitic of the species. The "pork-barrelling" congressman and the baby-kissing ward boss are both moochers. They merely use different means. The congressman is just pulling Congress' leg for the money to buy his votes,

while the ward boss with his cigar-loaded breath to gain favor and votes from the parents.

Students are, perhaps, the most chronic offenders, although they are not nearly so dangerous as many other kinds. Fifty cents is probably the student moocher's limit, but his range below that is tremendous. Candy, paper, ink, a clean shirt, a ride to town--the list is almost endless.

We are all guilty of imposing on one another. Of course no one minds helping anyone else, but the fellow that depends on someone to furnish his soap and to wake him up morning after morning soon makes a nuisance of himself. In time he becomes almost totally dependent upon others for the majority of his needs. He is a true parasite, this moocher. He is of no use to himself and a bother to everyone else. Once the habit is acquired, it is almost impossible to find a cure.

Let's be careful.

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

It is a quiet little village--I call it that because it is the smallest thing I can think of and yet give the impression that there is really a settlement.

As I walk along the narrow road to the "center" of the town, the most imposing building is the post office, flanked on either side by a general store and a miniature shoe store. The building is weather-beaten and warped, and many times I have wondered if, perhaps, the old men leaning against the building were not the means by which its walls were kept from utter collapse. Whenever I had reason to enter the post office or its adjoining stores, I walked carefully and softly, always well aware of the danger that might befall me in the rickety structure.

Farther up the street, probably an eighth of a mile away, was the Methodist church. It was new, but for all a stranger might know, it might have been very old. The outside was of great logs, knit together by red clay forced in between the logs

to weatherproof the whole. A big stone chimney covered half of one side of the building, and when I first saw the church at night, great flaming sparks rose out of the chimney and drifted into the air, only to fall in black lumps to the ground. At first each spark chilled me with fear, but as nothing ever happened I soon accepted them along with other strange phenomena of the village.

The one other public building was the schoolhouse. It was not on the main street but on a side path that ran around the edge of the mountain. The school was battered by storms and torn by unappreciative scholars. In many places the windows were broken, and examination showed that more than once some resentful youngster had shot through the window from a tree and possibly missed the head of his teacher or chum. Behind the building was the inevitable woodpile where overambitious or quarrelsome boys were wont to be sent to redeem themselves by hard work.

Water was supplied for the inhabitants of the village by a single well. Every morning at sunup the girls carried sufficient water for the entire day. After several mornings, I became

impressed by the fact that the largest families used the smallest amount of water. Later on, I was able to account for this strange paradox. Very little water was used for cooking, still less for the ordinary ablutions, for, according to general belief, water was not good for the complexion or physical well-being. As far as I could observe, the town well was used mostly by a group of small boys who found delightful sport in dumping buckets full of water on the dusty ground, and then mixing the dirt and water together into "mud balls" which they would throw with almost unerring accuracy at unsuspecting passers-by.

Montcagle is a quiet little village. The public buildings are bleak and forlorn. Even though the general outlook is forbidding, yet there is safety and peace for those who are satisfied with the simple blessings. I loved every part of the village in spite of all its backwardness and dullness.

A MOUNTAIN SCHOOL

The weather-stained log schoolhouse stood precariously near the edge of the mountain. To enter the school was a dangerous business. One walked along a narrow, zigzag path that at times was not more than four steps from a sheer drop of three thousand feet. The view from the schoolhouse door was beautiful, but the eyes of the children did not brighten at such grandeur. To them school meant drudgery amid unpleasant surroundings.

The door did not have hinges; hence it was the custom to unbar the door and remove it entirely when the weather permitted. Inside, the crude benches and cruder desks bespoke little comfort and still less ease for writing. The teacher's desk and chair were fine specimens of polished mahogany. These relics reminded one that the mountain people were descendants of England's and Scotland's finest blood. Windows there were none. There were no blackboards. The rough pine floor (which was a concession to progress) created no problem to shoeless feet. Mountain children could not buy shoes, and probably their feet would have felt extremely cramped in walking if they had owned a pair.

One thing that impressed me indelibly was the undivided attention each child gave to the words of the teacher. She had "schoolin;" therefore was she worthy of full concentration. Now and then heads lifted and eyes brightened for a moment, but never did a child smile or make any real response. In their humility and subjection to the teacher, all initiative and expression were suppressed. They believed implicitly in the teacher, and there was no motive for struggling with personal thoughts and ideas.

For the teacher, I had the utmost respect. She was of mountain stock, though more enlightened as to the happenings and progress of today. She understood her people and loved them. As I think about her, I believe that she loved and willed those dull, unexercised, inert minds into learning. Her patience was almost unfailing. Only once in the two years that I knew her did she rise up in righteous indignation and act with deadly firmness because of the actions of the small rowdy element within her beloved school. She was an example of the finest type of womanhood in the mountains.

Today the schoolhouse remains unchanged. Lack of money and educational progress do not cause great

brick buildings with modern equipment to be erected. But there on the edge of the mountain, in the weather-beaten log schoolhouse, the foundation is being laid for intelligent and educated citizens in the years to come.

NECKTIES

To me, neckties express the personalities of their owners. As I walk down the street, I have often paused in front of a window full of a gorgeous array of neckties and wondered what types of men would purchase them. I would see a flaming red tie in screaming contrast with a vivid yellow; a gay plaid seemed to be trying to make friends with one of Kelley green; while in the background looking disapprovingly at his more frivolous fellows I caught a glimpse of a severe black ministerial tie. I thought as I gazed at the window that all types of men will view these ties and enter the store to purchase them.

Some will go in and without much hesitation or thought ask for a certain color and as simply as that become the owner of a new tie. Other men will want to match a suit or hat or, perhaps, will even balance precariously on one foot attempting meanwhile to match a tie with their socks, while still others will want to match grey, hazel, or blue eyes or, perhaps, will try to make flaming red hair more enticing by means of a tie especially designed for this purpose.

But the ideal man and the one whom I most admire is the one who thoughtfully and with a great deal of deliberation selects a tie that not only harmonizes with his complexion but also blends perfectly with his wardrobe. But, I regret to say, this type of man is a rare and almost forgotten species.

There are, alas, too many of the aforementioned type who hastily, often to appease an irate wife, rush into a store just at closing time attempting in five minutes to get a tie and also the 6:15 for home. This is a type we all know; so we will just mention him briefly.

Then there is in sharp contrast with the flashy collegiate with his plaids, stripes, and polka dots, the very conservative type who thinks of ties in terms of grey, brown, navy blue and other equally drab colors. Not for him the gaiety of red or blue. You all have met and know him very well, I'm sure. Perhaps he is even now living in some of your homes. If so, please release him from this bondage in the coming Christmas season. Along with this same type we have the minister with his inevitable black tie. It has always

been a puzzle to me why a minister feels it is necessary to wear a dark suit and equally dark tie on Sundays. No wonder people don't go to church more often than they do. If he would invest in some gay neckties and alternate them each Sunday, I'll wager, other things being equal, that his church attendance would improve.

I appeal to all you wives and girl friends this Christmas to buy the tie to fit the man. America needs you and is depending upon you for support in this crisis.

SMILES

How true the words of the poet are when he said, "A smile is quite a funny thing, it wrinkles up your face." Yet, is there anything in this world that cheers anyone up like a good smile? When you get up in the morning, the thing that will keep you in good humor all day is simply a whole-hearted smile from someone.

A warm smile is one that comes right from the heart. It goes from ear to ear. Behind it is the soft twinkle in the eyes and the little wrinkles around them. It is after receiving one of these real smiles that one feels that life is really worth living after all. Usually with this comes a hearty hand-shake with that firm grip to it that corresponds with the smile.

Then there is the sneery smile. Usually this only wrinkles up one side of your face. Maybe two or three teeth can be seen through the opening of the lips. A devilish twinkle or an "I

told you so" look from the eyes usually accompanies this smile.

You have seen the person with the perpetual grin which one would think was a machine in action. The common way to greet anyone is with a smile, but that doesn't mean it has to click on and off similar to an electric light.

The sarcastic smile is something like the sneer. It doesn't hurt to give it, but it cuts deep when you happen to be on the receiving end. Why do people insist on looking that way when just a little different curl of the lips would make someone feel twice as good?

In his CHRISTMAS CAROL, Dickens said, "In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile." It is those people whom I like. They never look out for themselves. They always want the next person to feel good and jolly and they hide their own feelings. I picture Mrs. Fezziwig as a plump lady, quite witty and trying to cheer up people.

Of course there are people who hardly know what the word "smile" means. They are afraid if

they smile they will crack their faces. People get tired of greeting them with a smile only to get frozen by the icy look in the other's eyes. A handclasp seldom accompanies this greeting. Maybe the person will manage to get out a frigid "hello," but usually that is the limit.

God gave us a smile to encourage other people. Who knows what one little warm smile will do for someone? We should be thankful that maybe we can encourage someone, and should do our part to make this a cheerful world.

"The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worthwhile,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a pleasant smile."

A DESPERATE SITUATION

One seldom advances far in life before he is confronted with rather difficult alternatives. Conditions arise that necessitate a choice between two almost equally disagreeable courses. College students seem to be special victims of these adverse circumstances. So many things demand attention that one cannot possibly do justice to them all. There are lessons to get, financial obligations to discharge, social functions to attend, friends to entertain, and other things to claim attention almost "ad infinitum." What shall be done in this acute situation? Generally speaking, one can do either of two things. He can let things take their course, try to please everybody and do everything, and consequently fail in practically everything, or he can exercise discriminative elimination. This latter course consists of classifying the demands made upon you, then deliberately refusing those of least obligation and importance. In acting thus, one will experience the satisfaction of actually accomplishing something, small though it be, rather than attempting too much and completing nothing.

FOOTBALL CROWD

The sky was leaden, heavy. The streets were damp, and the turf was sodden with the cold rain that had fallen intermittently all night and all morning.

Yet up the street from Cambridge Square poured a throng of people, a gay, laughing crowd, wearing chrysanthemums and feathers and waving bright banners. It was a well dressed crowd, a young crowd. There were girls in bright hats and fur coats, fellows in rakish felts and raccoon overcoats.

On every corner, and at every vantage point, a hawker stood barking his wares, blue or red feathers, buttons, and banners. A back current of the throng eddied around each enthusiastic salesman for a moment, then surged forward again as if to make up for lost time.

It was a football crowd, pressing forward to attend the year's classic game--the traditional struggle between the Red and the Blue, Harvard and Yale.

Nearing Soldiers' Field and the Stadium, the crowd grew more dense, till at the gates it was an impossibility to move any direction but forward. The throng was jammed in a standstill at each entrance. Inside those excluding gates, tickets were being collected as fast as busy hands could take them. Still the crowd gathered although it was long past game time.

Inside, knots of people were running up the stairs of their sections to come out onto a scene of almost unbelievable magnitude. The stair landings were on a level about halfway between the ground and the last row of seats. At regular intervals in the crowd light stripes intervened; these stripes were the aisles separating the sections.

Into this vast area the mob had stormed and was now sitting quietly with an air of expectancy. The atmosphere was tense; spectators were straining in their seats like leached dogs. The tiny red and blue figures on the field huddled, wheeled, lined up, clashed. With a roar the crowd sprang to its feet screaming, waving arms, tossing hats in the air. One elusive red figure had slipped around the far end of the line and was now touching the ball down in the end zone.

The spectators were in a frenzy. Across the field the Harvard supporters clapped, cheered, waved hats and banners. On this side there were groans and catcalls, then yells of encouragement directed at the dispirited team in blue. The teams lined up for the kick-off. Like a corn field swept by a breeze, the crowd wavered, swayed, as section by section people sat down again.

Toward the middle of the game, slowly, almost imperceptibly, a few snowflakes drifted down, melting wherever they landed. They fell thicker and faster till a grey haze enveloped the stadium. Through this haze the Harvard stands seemed to take on a reddish hue, while this side of the bowl had a bluish tinge. But the snow, the chill, the wind seemed only to increase the enthusiasm of the ardent football fans.

Snowmen suddenly came to life, Yale rooters went delirious with joy when their blue team tied the score. But their feathers drooped and their banners hung limply as Harvard's determined eleven charged over a weakening Yale line for another touch-down.

Harvard's rooters went wild; Harvard's team became invincible. Harvard heads were held high;

Yale heads hung despondently. Then--whistle, game! With a whoop, the Harvard band took over the field. Bellowing and cheering, Harvard fans poured over the gridiron, forming in line behind the band, parading in weird formations over the field.

Still in the stands, Yale men were picking up belongings, explaining to whoever would listen why Yale's offensive didn't click, gloomily opening purses and wallets to pay off bets.

The game was over, but the evening was just begun. Celebration was now in order for the victors; a gay round of Boston in search of cheer for the vanquished. The year's great football classic was history--the crowd dispersed to become individuals once again.

SELF ANALYSIS

I paused to take stock of myself and to decide why I had not been more popular. I thought that there must be some reason for being thus slurred. The first reason for not being more popular that I thought of was that I was too critical. I found fault with everybody and everything. Another thought that presented itself was this: I boasted too much of what I could do. Then I concluded, that if I expected other people to be friendly with me, that I would have to show a more amiable attitude myself. I believe that if these attitudes toward other people are corrected the attitudes and opinions of others toward me will change.

WHICH ONE?

When I first came to college, I had many decisions to make such as what room I should have, who my roommate should be, and what courses I should take. These all seemed important to me, but the most important one was which literary society should I join. It seemed to me that this decision had the most effect on my college life as a whole.

One morning I found that the dining room was decorated in red and white crepe paper. By reading some of the posters that were hung around, I found out that the Oxfords were responsible. We all enjoyed the decorations through the day. As we came to the "dessert stage" of our evening meal, I was delighted when I saw that we were to have a real fudge sundae, a most generous gift from the Nobels.

The next morning we found that during the night the Administration building had received a trimming of blue and white, the handi-

work of some Nobels.

At the close of nearly every meal the announcements would be made, "I would like to see all the Oxfords who have not paid their dues at once," or "Immediately upon dismissal I would like to see all the Nobels in this corner of the dining hall." One could easily tell that plans for "rush day" were underway.

Many alarm clocks were set for twelve o'clock Sunday night, for there was work to be done under the cover of darkness. The morning light revealed many hours of work. The entire campus was decorated with booths, posters, and crepe paper. Everyone was nervous with excitement. Between classes students came out to the Oxford booth in front of the "Ad" building to get their handful of gumdrops, mints, and peanuts. After the fourth period everyone gathered in front of the "Ad" building. In the distance one could hear the sound of an airplane. Many thought it was only a plane flying over the bay to Boston. Some looked up and, as soon as they caught sight of it, a shout went up. The plane was flying around and around

over us with the Nobel colors waving in the breeze. While the Nobels were cheering, the Oxfords quickly gathered and formed a double line, headed by a "scrap" band, and marched to the chapel. As I entered the chapel I saw that it was beautifully decorated in red, white, and blue. We were not going to have a regular chapel service, but a peace meeting. After a few remarks by the President, the meeting was turned over to the student council president, Mr. Wolf. He talked to the new students about joining either society, and urged them to visit either booth as soon as possible. Mr. Shaw led a few lively cheers, after which the meeting was dismissed.

It was not a question who could get to the booths first, but how many could get there at the same time. I had already decided which society I was going to join, but I was carried on by the throng about me. It just happened to be the wrong crowd. As soon as I realized it, I thought of a way to slip out. I finally managed, and headed for the right booth. It took only a few seconds to sign the book, and thus I became an Oxford. In a short time the excitement subsided. I felt very happy about the decision I had made.

FROM THE DOME

It was in the middle of the afternoon. The rays of the sun were beginning to make long, distorted shadows of the trees and buildings. It was the time of day when people, insects, and moving machinery emit the dull, monotonous, murmuring hum which is peculiar to summer afternoon. Inside the Capitol Building things were moving in a dull fashion. The porters nodded sleepily at their posts. Elevator attendants and janitors went about their tasks with slow deliberation. The people who came in on sightseeing tours followed the guide mechanically, looking at everything she pointed out and listening to what she had to say with as much interest as they could stir up. They were all tired from the trip around the city that day. They had seen so much that nothing more could excite them.

My friend had just quit work for the day. He and I were having a tour of our own and acting as our own guides. Feeling fresh and a little excited, we decided to climb to the top of the Dome.

We started out on a run as the steps are not very steep. There are many landings and several balconies facing the inside of the Dome, on which to rest. One needs several rests before he reaches the top whether he runs or walks. We stopped on the highest balcony inside the Dome and looked over the railing into the rotunda.

Far below us we could see people that looked like ants walking around. We could just distinguish the men from the women. The drone and hum of their voices mixing with a dull sound in the vast expanse of enclosed space drove us on up and out onto the top of the Capitol high above the city. Finally, we reached our goal and stepped out into broad daylight, exhausted and out of breath.

We were facing the east. Below us was a busy city, but few of the sounds carried up to us. Occasionally the shrill blast of a taxi horn could be heard although it was somewhat muffled. Above and in back of us was the green colored bronze statue in a background of white floating clouds in a blue sky. In front of us was a vast flat expanse of trees and roofs. Nothing penetrated above the level of the trees

except the smoke stacks of the Potomac Power Plant on the Anacosta River two miles away.

Looking down, the first building outside of the Capitol grounds was the old, black, but beautiful building of the Congressional Library. Immediately in back and to the east of the Congressional Library was one of the smallest, yet one of the most beautiful buildings in Washington. It is the Shakesperean Museum which houses many of the poet's great works in manuscript.

To the north and just across East Capitol Street, we could see signs of construction around the beautiful and exquisite new Supreme Court building, a symbol of progress and achievement in art and architecture. Farther to the north and a little to the west, stands one of the Capitol office buildings and beyond that the New Union Station.

To the south of the Capitol building are the Senate and the House office buildings and in the distance the Navy Yards and Balling Field.

The east view from the Dome of the Capitol is by no means the most exciting view, although it is magnificent. Looking west from the Dome is a view

that will almost make one hold his breath. It stretches away for miles, over the top of the Botanical Gardens, down through the Mall, which is flanked by stately government buildings and the Smithsonian Museum, down through Potomac Park where the Washington Monument and the awe inspiring Lincoln Memorial are, across the Potomac River to Arlington Cemetery, where one can see the home of Robert E. Lee and the amphitheater at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier against a background of trees.

ECHO

The lazy afternoon sun shone down upon the rippling waters of a vast northern lake, surrounded by high, cloud-piercing mountain peaks. Far off in the distance the dull humming of an airplane motor droned like the buzzing of a swarm of bees. Nearer and nearer it came, its roaring increasing in volume until the very mountains seemed to tremble with vibration as the droning noise echoed among the mountains. And as it drew further and further away the drone grew fainter till finally all was still again. The valley was engulfed in peace and quiet.

LAUGHTER

To laugh is "to make the noise and exhibit the features characteristic of mirth, joy, or derision." This is the dictionary definition of laughter, and it is sufficiently complete for my purpose at present.

There are various kinds and degrees of laughter. It would indeed be difficult to enumerate and describe them all, but I shall endeavor to point out a few. Since the kinds and degrees of laughter are so closely related, I shall discuss them together in this paper.

The slightest form of laughter is the dimple, at least that is what Sir Richard Steele wrote. He said, "The dimple is practiced to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh."

The next round in the ladder of laughter is the smile. A smile can have a world of meaning, and under certain conditions can be most significant. Think of what it has meant in all ages to have a smile of recognition from a king! One does not need to be a king, however,

Now we come to the negative classes of laughter. The first kind of these laughs to be mentioned is the weak, sickly laugh which one does not mean. Something is said, perhaps, at the table, and the hearer feels that he must laugh, and does so, though he does not feel at all like laughing. The Bible must mean this kind of laughter when it says, "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness." It ought to be a maxim that one should not laugh when he does not feel like so doing.

The second kind of laugh of the negative type is the covering laugh--the kind that covers a multitude of sins. This laugh is used when the speaker has an axe to grind, and knowing that his remarks will be sharper than a two-edged sword, he prefaces them with a covering laugh and then makes the verbal incisions. Whether the operation succeeds or not, however, it results in a kill instead of a cure. The covering laugh is a dangerous weapon, and a total abstinence from its use is the only safe policy to pursue.

The sardonic, or forced, scornful laugh is the third kind of negative character. This kind of laugh is too bitter to dwell on long; suffice it to say

though words do not kill, yet the sardonic laugh often comes near to killing both its giver and receiver.

To change phases of the subject, we may ask, "Why was man endowed with the power of laughter?" No doubt it was because man needs to laugh. Hukeland said, "Laughter is an external expression of joy, it is the most salutary of all bodily movements; for it agitates both the body and the soul at the same time, promotes digestion, circulation, and perspiration, and enlivens the vital power in every organ."

In conclusion, though Goldsmith has written of "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," and the Bible mentions the laughter of fools which is like "the crackling of thorns under a pot," yet laughter has its place in the world. We should use the right kind, in the right place, at the right time. In the words of Ben Johnson, the famous writer, I say, "Laugh and be fat, sir."

MAIN STREET

The weather was perfect and we decided that the old-fashioned village needed exploring. We were to stay there a week; therefore, we would have to know what the town was like.

We walked up from the bungalow onto Main Street. We knew enough to stay on that street, for to go off it meant to go out of town. The whole town lay before us.

On the left was a large brick building which, we were assured, was certainly haunted, for hadn't three women died there within the last two years? It didn't look a bit haunted to us as it stood there with its dark red surface and attractive green shutters. The red tiled roof and natural stone chimney gave the house as cheerful an appearance as I have even seen. But there it stands, empty now, and probably will be for some time. Haunted?

After passing a few ordinary dwellings, we came to the "shopping district." There in a group we found the railroad station, the post office, the

barber shop, the hardware store, and the grocery store. The proprietors were all of the same type. I will tell you about the grocer.

He was a tall, thin man whose forehead extended completely to the back of his head, but he still had a little hair around his ears. He was about sixty years old and seemed to know everybody's business as well, if not a little better, than they did themselves. He kept his store well and was a good attendant, but he did not seem nearly as interested in serving his customers as he was in finding out how little Johnny was feeling and if that young Salow fellow had had another fight with his girl.

The next thing of interest was the schoolhouse. This was unlike the little red schoolhouse which I had expected. It was a green and white frame building that had evidently never been built for sheltering young "Oaklandites" during their search for knowledge. It was an old farmhouse whose inner walls had been torn down. The bottom floor had been made into two large rooms which served as classrooms. The upstairs rooms were used for various purposes. One was used by the Boy Scouts as a meeting place, and another was used as a meeting room for the town council.

The new church was one of the main features of the town. It was only a few years old, but it had a belfry containing the old bell that was over two hundred years old and had been taken from the old Presbyterian Church. The new church seated about two hundred fifty, which was just one hundred fifty more than the church usually contained. The extra size only presented a heating problem and made the congregation look small, and yet the members of the church were exceedingly proud of its capacity.

The old church, which was no longer in use, was one of those Presbyterian churches built before the Revolution. It was made of large stones fitted together very well, and it had a roof of dull grey slate which was sadly in need of repair. When we looked through the dark narrow windows, we saw the old pews, each having a little gate from the aisle. We saw the very high pulpit and the lower platform beneath it where evidently the choir used to sit.

As we passed on up the street, we noticed that the houses were farther and farther apart till at last we came to a very large building set far back off the road among the maple trees. It was a very well kept but ancient looking mansion.

The main part of the walls were tan and the trimmings were painted in two different shades of brown. The corner boards were light brown and the window frames were darker. The roof was made of shingles which were stained brown and in excellent condition. The old mansion was, indeed, a picture in tan and brown as it stood back there in its dark green setting.

We walked a little farther, past a fishing pond and a gasoline station. Next, we came to an old deserted mill once run by water power. Presently we came upon a sign which read "Leaving Oakland -- Entering Pompton."

SOLITUDE

The rain was pouring down in slanting streaks. In from the bay, the wind was blowing hard. The waves sang as they broke and died away in a whisper on the beach. There was no sign of a living creature in the air or water or on the land. Occasionally the lights of a distant automobile cast a pale beam across the white-capped water. Miles out in the bay I could see the lonely gleam of a lighthouse. I stood on the shore with the waves at my feet, the drenching rain cutting and biting my face, and the howling wind tearing at me--alone, contented.

AN INSANE VISITOR

Life in a minister's home can often be very interesting. I remember especially one night when my parents were out of town and my young brother Paul and I were in charge of the house.

I had ordered Paul not to disturb me under any circumstances. The next morning we were to have a Chemistry examination. Yes, you guessed it--I was cramming. HCl is hydrochloric acid. H_2SO_4 is hydrogen sulphide. Ah, I knew every formula, at last! The first rays of chemical beams broke through, and I realized that Chemistry was quite easy to learn after all.

In a few minutes Paul came flying into the room. In a very sarcastic manner, he told me that I had a visitor. There was nothing to do but to go and see who it was. Before I did so, I ordered Paul to stay out of sight.

If I had known then what was to take

place during the next hour, I would never have entered the parlor. In a far corner there was a small lamp lighted; the rest of the room was in darkness. I looked around for my unwanted visitor and at the same time started to turn on another light. All of a sudden I heard a queer sounding voice. There was something unhuman and weird about it. I quickly turned and saw sitting in a corner a small man.

Suddenly the fellow sprang to his feet and rushed towards me. His eyes were wild and he was shaking from head to foot. He frantically jamed his hand into his right pocket. About two feet from me he threw both hands into the air and shouted, "I am going to kill myself!"

What on earth was he going to do? Kill himself? Where was Paul? Why didn't my parents come home? Was he going to kill me first? Would I be able to overpower him?

My visitor was very much excited and was jabbering very quickly. Oh! Those eyes! They were fascinating! There seemed to be some power in them.

At last I got control of myself. The next hour was the most strenuous and nerve wracking that I have ever had or ever hope to have. I tried to reason with him and get him under my control.

I was tiring very rapidly when my visitor stopped his wild talk and quietly said, "Now the time has come."

"Let us pray," I replied. Much to my surprise he fell on his knees. I watched the man every second I prayed. Then he prayed. What a prayer! It was terrible!

All of a sudden thunder crashed. The fellow jumped and said, "Ah, there it is!"

With that he walked out of the room, down the stairs, and out the door. I turned the key quickly, rushed to my room and, in a state of exhaustion, fell on the bed.

Chemical men made of hydrochloric acid played havoc to my sleep that night.

LEAVES

Red leaves, yellow leaves, brown leaves,
green leaves, see them fluttering in the air.

Leaves on the porch, leaves in the yard,
leaves on the trees, leaves everywhere.

It is these various colored leaves that
make up the beautiful fall color scheme, giving summer
a beautiful close and winter a cheerful start.

Now comes a gust of wind. Up into the
blue sky the leaves sail, then glide from place to
place spreading the news that summer has gone and that
winter will soon be here.

WILLIAMSBURG

A lovely, quaint, old village, where time apparently stands still amidst all the bustle and hurry of our present day, is Williamsburg. One finds this stately village a haven in its unmolested dignity and beauty. Even the hordes of tourists who visit there each summer seem stirred by the element of arrested action which pervades the air. As the reader doubtless knows, this village has been reconstructed by Mr. Rockefeller, and the original appearance is restored as much as possible.

Many of the old buildings are still standing and may be visited. A favorite site which the tourists enjoy visiting is the old brick church which happens to be one of the oldest churches in America. To one side of the church is the old graveyard where several of Virginia's one-time statesmen are now buried. The graves are rather unusual as they are all above-ground. The coffins are enclosed with a layer of brick and plastered over with cement. Inscribed on each grave is an epitaph, though some

are scarcely legible so weather beaten is the cement. The tourists often read these and jot them down for future use in autograph albums.

The church, itself, is of brick covered with a thick foliage of ivy. Many of its stained glass windows were donated by some famous old Virginians. The original pews still stand in the church, high-backed, stiff, and uncomfortable. In Colonial times each family rented its own pew, while those so unfortunate as not to be able to afford one were forced to sit in the gallery, where also sat the students of William and Mary's College. The governor had a special pew in front to the left of the pulpit. His pew was very richly decorated, and the cushions were much more comfortable than those of the parishioners.

There are many other places of historical interest in Williamsburg. Among the more interesting are the Town Hall, where all the local affairs are carried on, the governor's home, and the homes of some of the older inhabitants. In all these historical sites the officials and caretakers are dressed in colonial costumes which add a great deal to the

quaintness and charm of the village.

Along the main street many of the old trees are still standing. They are not set evenly in rows but grow anywhere, many of them in the middle of the sidewalk. But the fact that they grow anywhere adds to the attractiveness of the village, as the sidewalks are very broad, about half the size of an ordinary street. About the base of each tree is a circular seat where one may pause to pass the time of day. All the buildings, streets, and sidewalks are of red brick. On the main street is an A & P and it, too, is cleverly disguised in a very quaint and charming style. The business section is not large, consisting of only a few stores.

Of course, one of the attractions is beautiful William and Mary's College. Its buildings are red brick, and the campus is surrounded with a high brick wall. This brick in contrast with the green grass and trees of the campus makes a lovely picture. The presence of the college does not jar the simplicity and quaintness of this village but rather seems in perfect harmony with the whole pat-

tern of this old historic setting. Williamsburg is, certainly, one place that every American should see in order to appreciate more fully the history of our country.

ANNOYING HABITS

Generally, I am a person of fairly moderate temper. To the best of my knowledge I am not prone to petty irritation. Nor am I unduly critical of my acquaintances. Yet there are some people of my acquaintance who, although they are pleasant enough in other ways, possess one or two obnoxious habits that are not only a strain on the good nature of all their friends but are also a thorn in the flesh to everyone whom they meet.

At the top of the list of all public nuisances is the robust, jovial, ham-handed back-slapper. His general practice is to creep up behind you and take you unawares. You hear a chortle behind you. The next minute something explodes in the middle of your back and all the breath leaves your body with a gasp. You turn dazedly around to see what is was that ran into you, and there he stands, jovially grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Ha! Ha! Well! Well! If it isn't my old friend," he bellows. You pick up your hat and think wistfully of tying millstones around necks and dropping someone into the midst of the sea. It is my opinion

that all back-slappers should either be reformed or banished to a desert island where they could beat one another's backs about until they learned more civilized habits.

Another human tribulation that has on certain occasions fastened itself upon me is the confirmed lapel-grasper. Mr. Blunt, an elderly acquaintance of mine, had this obnoxious habit. At every opportunity that presented itself he would barge up to me, grasp my lapel firmly with one hand and, pushing his face within a few inches of mine (he was very nearsighted), he would converse loudly on the state of the weather and other interesting data he had gathered from his daily newspaper. To make matters worse, Mr. Blunt was very fond of salt fish. He had a basketfull mailed to him periodically from relatives in Newfoundland. I used to think he ate it raw. On Friday nights there was a little marathon between us to see who got to the church door first. If I won, I escaped. If he won, he grasped my lapel, and we reviewed his newspaper clippings and his supper menu together.

A particularly obnoxious but an

extremely harmless offender is the gentleman who sometimes sits opposite me in the street car. He generally smokes a long, evil-smelling cigar. He does not try to be offensive; he just sits there, staring vacantly at the advertisements over my head or out of the window and blows acrid smoke clouds in my direction. I do not know what brand he smokes, but it is undoubtedly the worst. It has the delicate aroma of a pile of burning leaves and a cabbage patch in September. This man should either stop smoking in a street car or have the decency to stay at home.

I am sincerely hoping that one day another lapel-grasper will clutch the lapel of my well-meaning, nearsighted friend and show him the error of his ways. It is my earnest conviction that one journey opposite someone smoking a relic of the cabbage patch without being able to retaliate would be an effective cure for the street car cigar smoker. But as for the back-slapper, I want to handle him myself. One of these days I shall creep up on him, swing my arm, and wallop him on the back. He will grunt, I can guarantee that, his hat will fall off, I hope, and perhaps he will even drop his false-plate. One dose of this sort of treatment ought to make Mr. Back-slapper a reformed man.

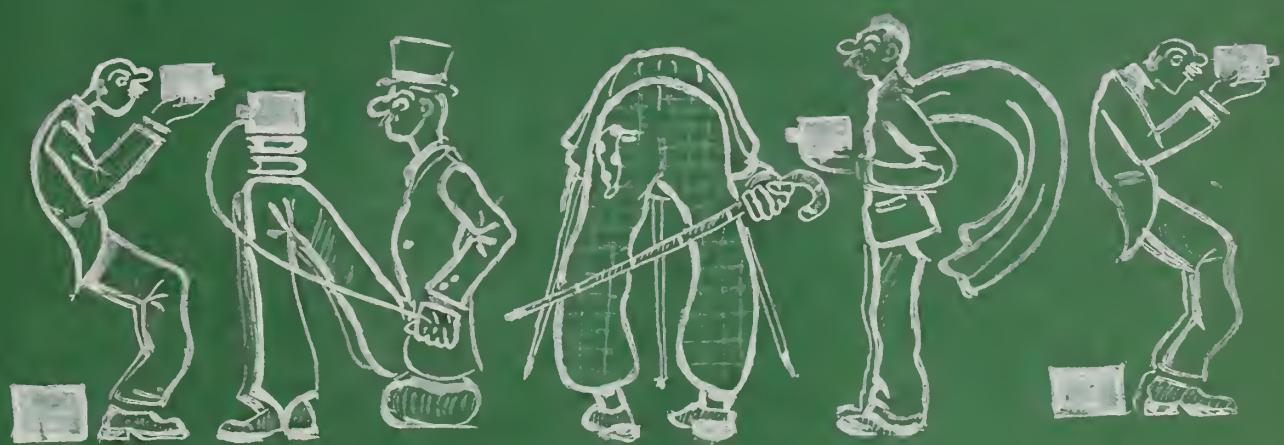
NIGHT

A deepening rush of shadows, a sudden hush
of sound--that was all, but night had fallen. The earth
seemed to sigh and peace settled on the world.

Behind us, the lonely, barren pines were
touched with the softness of tropical darkness. The
ragged palms and swaying oleanders, limned with the ethe-
real light of the moon, made an evershifting pattern of
shadows about us. And a breath of jasmine, rising as
incense, added an exotic charm almost unnoticed.

Before us, the low lying moon capped each
tiny ripple and wavelet with light, each one melting and
running together to form a pathway of molten silver
across the water and up to the very moon itself. Over
all there was an air of romance, a hint of mystery, a
pulse of life.

That was all--night had fallen.



OUR PRESIDENT



CLASS OFFICERS



FRESHMAN OUTING





BEST SCHOLAR

LESTER JONES

MADELINE HILLER

BEST
ALL AROUND

VEZY STEMM

ANNA MARY SHOFF





MOST BRILLIANT

LESLIE STRATHERN

MADELINE HILLER

BEST ATHLETE

HENRY DESHAW

ANNA MARY SHOFF



WITTIE ST

LESTER JONES

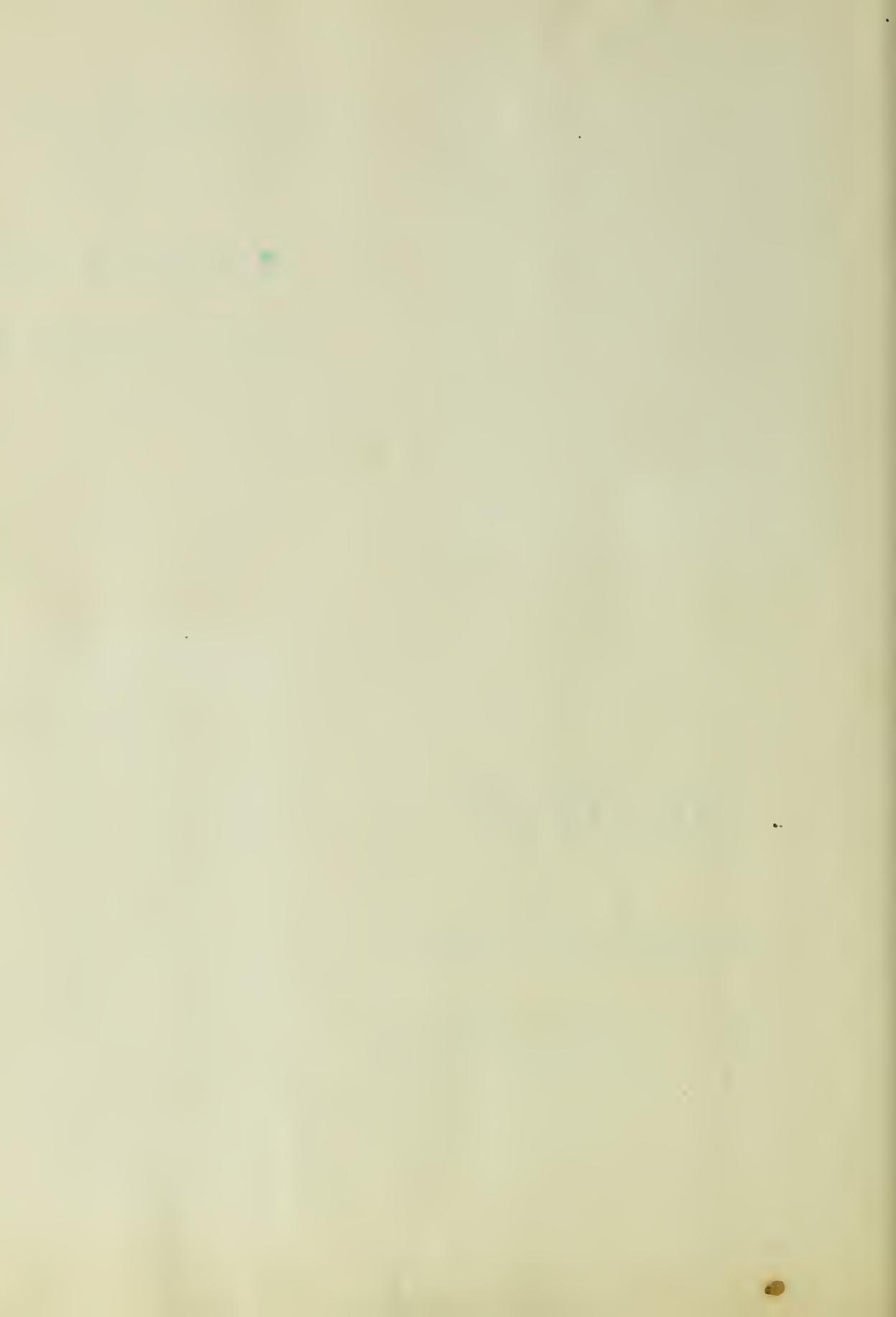
ROSE MARIE SALVIA

NEATEST

DOUGLAS FISK

BETTY KAUFFMAN







BEST LOOKING
DOUGLAS FISK
GRACE DUNN

MOST POPULAR
VESY STEMM
RUTH CLARK





JOKE'S



Art Payne: "Sir, I want permission to be away three days
after the end of vacation."

Prof. Mann: "Ah, you want three more days of grace?"

Art Payne: "No, sir. Three days of Helen."

Science courses oft remind us
We can help if we but try,
In passing on, we leave behind us
Notebooks for the other guy.

Frosh: "I guess you've gone out with worse looking fel-
lows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer).

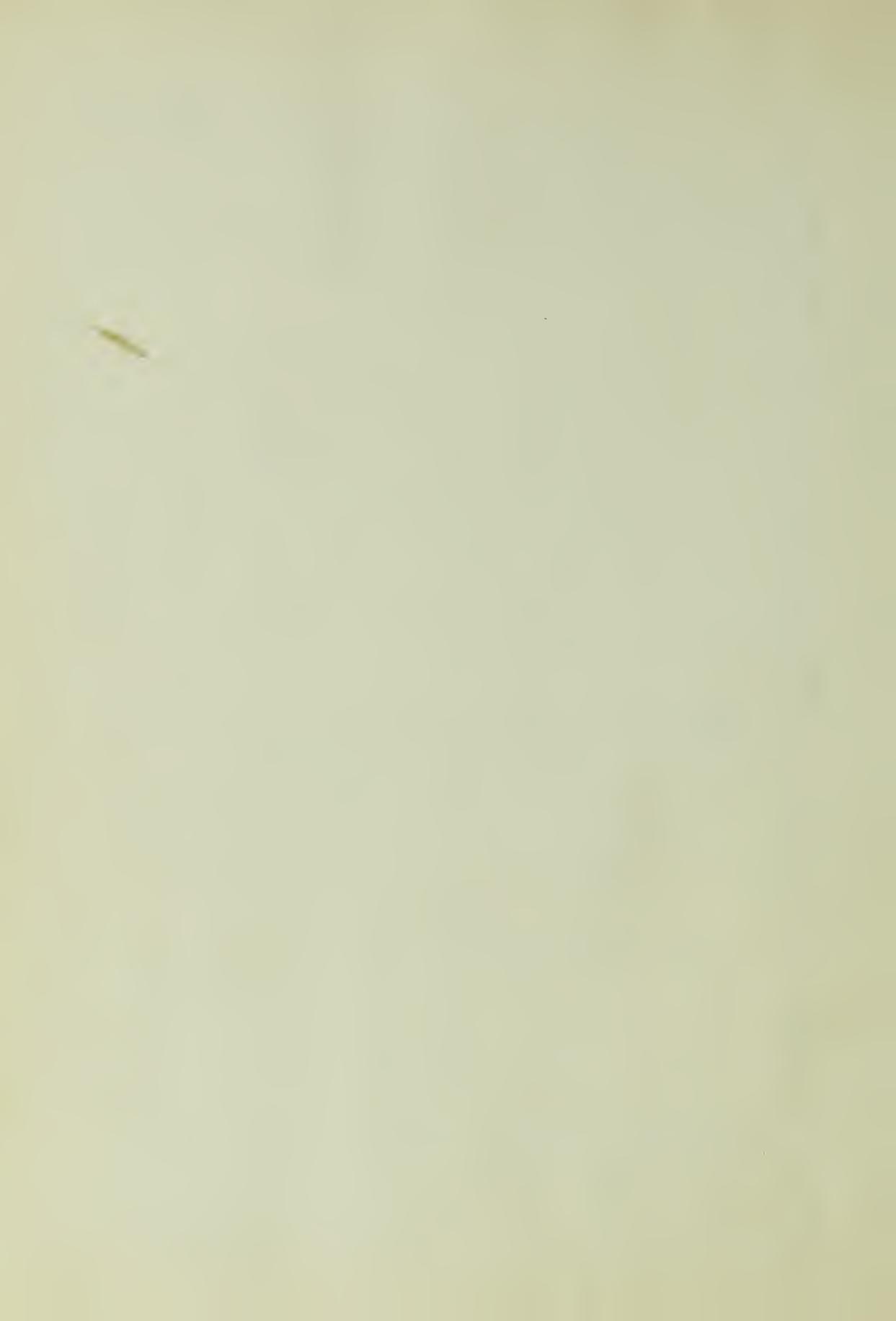
Frosh: "I say, I guess you've gone out with worse look-
ing fellows than I am, haven't you?"

Co-ed: "I heard you the first time. I was trying to
think."

Prof. Span (to Rhetoric II class): "This class reminds
me of Kaffee Hag--99% of the active element
has been removed from the bean."

Prof. Mann: "If you subtract 14 from 119, what's the
difference?"

Anna Mary Shoff: "Yes, I think it's a lot of foolish-
ness, too."



Bud Fisk: "And to think my mother takes in washings to send me to college."

Ruth Clark: "Do you do anything to help her?"

Bud Fisk: "Yes, I send my laundry home."

George Marple: "Well, and how do you like your new radio?"

Les Strathern: "It's grand, mon, but the wee light's verry hard to read by."

Vesey Stumm (bringing in soiled laundry): "And this time I'd appreciate it if you'd leave a little more shirt on the cuffs."

Prof.: "Name a great time saver."

Allan Pfautz: "Love at first sight."

Henry DeShaw: "I'm thinking of asking some girl to marry me. What do you think of the idea?"

Doris Bloomfield: "It's a great idea, if you ask me."

Cop: "How did you knock this pedestrian down?"

John Young: "I didn't knock him down. I just pulled up to him, stopped my car and waited to let him pass. He fainted."

The first law of repartee--better never than late.

Prof. Spangenberg (explaining lesson): "Underline all changes in the sentences for tomorrow."

Vesey Stumm: "Do you mean for us to underline the omitted words?"

Prof. Fess: "What was the greatest accomplishment of the Romans?"

Jo Sweigert: "Speaking Latin."

People who have half an hour to spare usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

Dean Allshouse: "Did you shave this morning, Brew?"

Bob Brew: "Yes, Sir."

Dean Allshouse: "Well, next time stand a little closer to the razor."

One of the Profs: "I'm reading a mystery book."

His Wife: "Why, that looks like our household budget."

Prof: "It is."

Never tell a person all you know, you might be embarrassed with an encore.

EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE
LIBRARY

